

been killed. These reports may all prove premature. Our total losses are estimated at from eight to fifteen thousand, of whom a considerable number are prisoners. That of the enemy can be guessed at; but officers who were engaged at the front and saw something of the slaughter, state that it cannot be less than from 40 to 50,000.

The scene in Richmond on the reception of the news beggars description. While preparations for an evacuation had been in progress several weeks, the suddenness of the movement took every one by surprise. The President was at church; officials were resting in comparative quiet, awaiting the despatches of Gen. Lee; citizens were confident and hopeful. No one anticipated disaster. When, however, the truth was foreshadowed, such hurrying to and fro, such gathering of goods, disposition of effects, and endeavors to leave the city, as took place, has no parallel during the war. The streets were thronged by an excited populace. The departments were alive with swarms of officials packing and removing the public records. The torch was freely applied by order of the Government to all species of public property. In some instances, the patriotic owners set fire to their own premises. Libby's Prison, tobacco warehouses and flour mills, whole acres of "Virginia weed," commissary stores and buildings, the laboratory and arsenal—in brief, everything that could afford sustenance to the Yankee army, or incite pillage, was given to the flames. During Sunday night, many of the stores were broken open and robbed of their contents, and others were thrown open to the poor and needy.

Before sunrise, flames and smoke were coiling above and around the sacrificial pile in every direction. Our Malakoff had fallen, our noble fleet of gun-boats were either sunk or blown up, as on that memorable occasion, and our men might have been seen, with the lurid light of their burning capital glimmering on their faces, retreating slowly from the place.

On Monday, up to the hour of my departure, the excitement still continued and the work of destruction progressed. The superb railroad bridge across the James was burned, and other similar structures above and below it. Little railroad rolling stock, if any, remained. The last train left on Monday morning.

At what hour the enemy entered, I am not now informed. But, as their advance was within seven miles, I presume a column must have marched up during the day. An officer who escaped from Richmond in a canoe says that, when he left, a Yankee officer was addressing a crowd from the Washington monument.

From the *Augusta Constitutionalist*, of the 18th, we take the following account, alleged to be authentic from Richmond:

Gentlemen who left Richmond subsequent to the evacuation, have reached this city and furnished us with some interesting particulars of this sad event. All of them concur in the statement that there was no disorder attending the affair, and that all of the reports concerning mobs and other outrageous proceedings are unfounded.

At daybreak on Monday, the 3d, the arsenals, commissary and quartermaster departments, Wedegar iron works, both railroad bridges, Mayo's foot bridge and other public buildings were set on fire and destroyed. The burning of these valuable structures caused a great conflagration, which, however, did not extend to any private buildings. Hazall's immense flouring mill being the only piece of private property burned.

A gentleman who left the city at 9½ o'clock, Monday morning, says that the enemy entered the city about 7 o'clock; but that when he was on the corner of Main and Ninth, he saw nothing of them. In leaving town, he observed a body of Yankee cavalry passing out Clay street toward the line of fortifications. Continuing up the North bank of the James River

for twenty miles, he crossed and struck the last trail on the Danville Road.

The battle which resulted in the evacuation extended some twenty miles, and consisted of a fierce assault at several points. At one, the enemy stormed our strong defenses seven times, and were repulsed with immense slaughter. The line commenced on the left of Petersburg, fronting to our extreme right, which was defended by Gen. Pickett's division without breastworks. At this place they overlapped Gen. Lee's lines, and here the contest was bloody in the extreme. There was no finer body of troops than Pickett's division, and they covered themselves with glory by their conduct.

The Secretary of the Treasury was successful in removing all his valuables, as were most of the public officers.

We are glad to learn that the spirit of the army was unbroken throughout the severe ordeal, and there was nothing like a rout or panic.

COLUMBIA.

Tuesday Morning, April 18, 1865.

Rumor—President Davis.

That ever peccant tumor of the populace, which hourly breeds its ever-growing tumor, has a new speech on its tongue to-day along the streets. It is now bruted that President Davis has resigned, or is about to resign. We think better of Mr. Davis than to think this possible. He has too much self-esteem to make it possible. He cannot resign—he dare not. He will not so surrender his claims upon posterity. Whatever his supposed failures—whatever his supposed defects and defeats—his career makes it necessary that he shall die in the harness; and, if God has gone against him, he must, like Saul, make a heroic finish, or he forfeits his entire past. When he shall be persuaded of utter overthrow—when he shall despair of his cause and that of the country—he will brave the fate at the head of the army. He will not basely, at the last hour, shrink out of sight, and strive, in obcurity, to escape the responsibility of his high and perilous station. Not that whatever the faults and errors of the man, he has some grand elements, we think, of the hero, such as will grace the catastrophe, when he yields the game of fortune. We believe him to be a man of bitter prejudices, unjust dislikes, unwise hates and one miserably weak taint in his ambition—not loving any rival brother near the throne; but, with all these, we have no doubt of his courage and the stern will which must long since have taught him, that he, at least, can make no compromise with fate. He must die—he cannot succumb. Be sure, or we are greatly mistaken in the man, his philosophy will be that of Saul, before his last battle:

The heroic soul still struggles against fate,
And, arm'd with self-devotion, finds resolve,
For struggle in despair. Prepared for death,
And hopeless for himself, the soul of Saul,
Though counsell'd from the grave of sore defeat,
Still nursed the dream that God would succor yet

The fortunes of his people. They had sinn'd,
But he, their sovereign, led the way to sin,
And shap'd their disobedience. On his head
Heaven's vengeance only; and for this he pray'd
With an heroic virtue, at the last,
That honor'd his decline. Weary with grief,
The bitter penalty of a stubborn pride—
No longer cheer'd with promises from Heaven,
The voice of sacred prophets, or the signs

Vouchsafed in dreams; or, by the mystic rites
Of Thummim and Urim; with a sense of peace,
He yielded-ratified to the doom that hung
Suspended o'er his head. Another day,
And he should sleep without the harassing dread
That whisper'd the desertion of his God,
The enemy ever, with a fearful dart,
Above his couch of sleep and weariness,
And a new rival ready for his throne!
Better than this so dread anxiety,
The conflict without hope; and, though despair
Sat heavy at his heart, it took resolve
From the impending circumstance of ill;
And by his natural courage, moved to pride
At the grim presence of his enemy,
Saul girded him for battle. Israel's tents
He pitch'd beside the fountain of Jezreel;
While the Philistines gather'd their great hosts
To Aphek, and defied him with a shout
That spoke their hearts assure of victory.
But naught did this abate his firm resolve,
Which look'd to battle, though it bring defeat,
As the heroic finish to a term.
That lacks but noble ending—net with hope
Of safety or of triumph. His brave youth
Consider'd, and the songs of ancient days
Remember'd, which had shown his thousands
slain,

Demanded the last struggles which should fold
The monarch's robes about the hero's form,
And mantle greatly his great overthrow.

From Sumter Village.

We have been permitted to read some interesting private letters from the village of Sumter, of dates of the 14th, which simply confirm all the previous accounts from that quarter. The plundering was great and universal, as usual, and it is estimated that the enemy have torn away no less than 2,000 negroes from the village and its precincts. Many of the negroes wept bitterly and strove to escape them, but the soldiers were inexorable. The officers freely declared it their policy to do the work of subjugation by starving the population into submission. While in the village, they issued a sheet from the press, called the *Banner of Freedom*, full of nonsensical reports about the events of the war, but calling upon the people, in a serious editorial, to abandon a hopeless cause. We note among these of our militia who were slain in the late fight in Sumter, the names of Messrs. Pampero, McQueen, Bee, Long and Dr. Thompson.

Salisbury has been recaptured by the Confederates.

Attention, Co. K, 3d Reg't S. C. S. T. HEADQUARTERS RICHLAND DISTRICT, APRIL 17, 1865.

YOU are hereby ordered to assemble at the Court House, on TUESDAY, April 18, at 12 o'clock m., without delay, for the purpose of proceeding forthwith to

By order of L. W. TAYLOR,
April 18 1 Capt. Com'g Co. K, 3d Reg't.

Lost and Found Bible.

A FAMILY BIBLE, lost by somebody during the fire, has been found, and will be cheerfully delivered to any party proving property and paying for this advertisement. It contains the name of the owner; but in the family record there are names of children, by which the real owner can readily identify the property. Apply at this office. April 18

For Rent,

A LARGE and COMMODIOUS RESIDENCE on Senate street, between Sumter and Marion streets. The house contains eight rooms; the servants' houses are ample. Apply to A. B. PHILLIPS, At Dr. Geiger's April 18 40°